Here after folowith the lyfe of Saynt Gregoryes mother.

Omtyme in Rome a pope there was
That god loued full ſpecyally
To rule his churche he hym chas
His name was caled Gregory
A mother he had in that cyte
That was full bleſſyd in her dede
On euery pore ſhe had pyte
And helped all creatures at theyr nede
The deuyll at her had great dyſpyte
And thought it ſhulde no lenger ſo be
with concuppyſcence and falſe delyght
He thought to bryngе her fro that degre
She fell in ſyne within a whyle
And lyued in fowle voutri
with luſt and lykynge her body to fyle
The deuyll her blynded with obſtynacy
That ſhe durſte her therof neuer ſhryue
Leſt any man ſhulde her bewrey
This droue forthe all her lyue
whyle ſekenes her toke that ſhe ſhulde dye
Than had ſhe neyther tyme ne ſpace
Dethe her toke ſo ſodenly
Alas this was an heuy caſe
The denyll to haue ſuche mayſtery
whan ſhe was dede and layde on bere
Many was ſory no wonder was
what than befell than ſhall ye here
Howe god dyſpoſed for her his grace
Thorough the prayer of ſaynt Gregory
That was ſo good in his leuynge
Our lorde ſhope her a remedy
A trentall for her that he ſhulde ſynge

* person. † diuerſited. deſeated. ‡ shaped. formed.

Howe it was ordayned and founde
Take wysely hede and ye shall here
Saynt gregory made it with his hande
And sayd it hym selfe in this maner

Upon a nyght I me bethought
whan all creatures were at reste
Of marualous thiges that god had wrought
In euery kynde bothe man and best
Abought mydnyght a lytell before
I harde a voyce full pytously
Alas it sayd that I was bore
My dome is gyuen full ryghtfully
For whyle I leuyd I had my wyll
My sone durst I neuer tell
Ryghtwysenes me demeth by skyll
That I were worthy be damned in hell
Than with that voyce vp I brayde
Myne harte was sore afryght
Out of a wyndowe I me layd
And there I sawe a wonder syght
A blacke cloude and a stynkynge
Full of deuyls on euery syde
A sowle there was in fyre brennynge
I conjured it and bade it abyde
By the vertu of god in trynyte
That made heuen erthe and hell
All ye deuyls obeye to me
And answere to me that I you tell
what sowle is that ye haue there
what is the cause wherfore and why
with suche paynes that ye it dere

That god hathe bought so precyously
The deuyll answered anone therè tyll
And sayd the mother that the boze
She hathe this done by tyght and skyll
Foz false lyuynge that she had befoze
She semed good and false within
And lyued in aduoutry to her lyues ende
To no prest wolde she tell her synne
Therfoze with vs shall she wende
My body agrysed my harte also
And sayd false fende that may not be
All Rome wyll wytnes that it is false
The dedes of marcy fulfylled she
Poze ryche and all maner men
She clad and fed her god to please
And kepte her to his commaundementes ten
why shulde she than haue this dysease
whan body and sowle departeth in twayne
Dethe came so shoztely she had no space
Ones to shzyue her of her synne
The whiche the deuyll her dyd enbzace
Foz dzede of shame she durst not tell
Neyther to no prest open her harte
And who so dieth i syne this wotest thou well
The paynes of hell they maye not sterte
Alas sayd Gzegozy that euer mannes kynde
Is so thzall foz thynges of nought
And that synne shulde hym blynde
To lese the parte that god hathe bought
with bolde spirite I spake to here
And sayd thou sowle here charge I the
In the vertue of god that bought man dere

Thereto.

To morow at mydday thou speke with me
In trust that god some grace wyll sende
By prayer fastynge or some almes dede
For this Jugement the to defende
That for the his blode dyd blede
And tell me how it stondeth with the
If any hope be of saluacyon
And put the to rest from this degre
And saue the from thy dampnacyon
with that worde is vanesshed me fro
And sorowe smote my harte full nye
I was full of care sorowe and wo
I fell downe and in poynt to dye
with greuous gronynge it toke the waye
There god had ordayned it to be
All nyght I kneled for it to praye
That god wolde haue of it pyte
And to saynt Peter my predycessoure
That god gaue power to lose and bynde
Thou graunt me to be her socoure
Some prayer for her that I myght fynde
Thus prayed I for her all that nyght
Tyll dede slepe had me take
Anone sodenly I was a fryght
A voyse apered and bad be awake
Full bryght it was afore my face
In lykenes of an aungell clere
I wende god had ben in place
It was the deuyll that dyd apere
And sayd thou laborest all in vayne
Go take thy rest and let this be
Thou maste neuer by reason obtayne

To saue the sowle in no degre
God wyll not that thou for it praye
Neyther for no sowle that damned is
For though thou labourre tyll domes day
yet shall it neuer come to blysse
Therfore praye not in this cas
For god is dysplese with the
She hath done so great trespas
That it may neuer forgeuen be
whan I harde this myne harte was sore
But euer me thought he sayd not well
For goddes marcy is moche more
Than harte may thynke or tonge can tell
To hym I answered full boldely thore
And sayd forsothe it is vntrewe
For god hym selfe for vs wolde dye
So sore mannes soule he dyd it rue
And prayed his father whan he sholde stye
Howe canste thou saye let me se
why prayer shulde not a soule saue
God wolde no synne r dampned shulde be
That wolde on his marcy craue
That is trewe he sayd but se what wyse
By vertue of confessyon he may be saue
But who synneth and wyll not ryse
How may he than his marcy craue
By no scrypture I can se
That marcy to hym shulde not be due
For who so synneth dedely dampned is he
Thou knowest well that this is trewe
yet I sayd though it be so
That god hathe sente the one his message

~ in what wyse. + go. b.1,b

Answere to this that I saye the to
Or elles me thynke thou doest rage
Clarkes sayd and scrypture also
Ouer al the workes that euer god wrought
Marcy is chefe and passeth all tho
Answere to this yf thou can ought
For where lucyfer thrughe his pryde
Lost heuens blysse and wente to hell
There marcy hath set mankynde his tyde
Aboue all aungelles this wotest thou well
To this thou canst not ones say nay
Neyther al ẏ false aũgelles that there were
with that worde he wanysshed a waye
That house rose with hym he bare
Thunder lyghtenige there was great plẽte
Cryenge of deuylles about that place
I praye god with harte so fre
To saue me for his hyghe grace
And sende me some consolacyon
And helpe this sowle that hathe nede
To saue it euer frome damnacyon
For the woundes that he dyd blede
On the next morowe sone vpon daye
To saynt Peters I went a pace
My seruyce there for to saye
And met with the sowle as I had grace
I was not so sone fro my place past
My waye thether for to take
Sodenly the wether was ouer cast
The clowdes wexed wonder blacke
And as I stodyed what it shulde be
A voyce I harde full pyteously

Alas it sayd full wo is me
I knowe no meane of remedy
This cloude was blacke on euery brynke
Full of fyre and brymstone also
There myght no creature abyde the stynke
For fere therof my mynde was go
I toke myne harte all in that tyde
whan I sawe it drewe me nye
I crossed my body on euery syde
And spake to it full boldely
In the vertue of god I charge the here
That toke flesshe of a vyrgyn fre
Stande there styll and come no nere
But that I aske thou tell it me
why arte thou put to thys desease
That dyd so moche almes dede
And euery creatour was redy to please
with meat and drynke them for to fede
That all rome of the spake
Thy lyuynge was holden so good aye
That neuer was founde in the lake
Neyther by nyght nor by daye
Therwith she groned full heuely
And sayd alas that I was borne
I knowe no maner of remedy
But body and soule ben lyke to be lorne
For whyles I lyued and euer had
The worldes luste all my wyll
In false auoutry my lyfe I lad
Thre yonge Innocentes I dyd kyll
without baptyme they were slayne
And lost the blysse of heuen also

I were worthy endles payne
And for that to abyde in wo
For fere I durste it neuer saye
Nether to no preste confessed be
I was holde so perfyte aye
That euery creature sayd good by me
Alas the sayd that I was made
That I had neuer grace to saye
But euer in synne my lyfe thus lade
Unto the houre that I shulde dye
And dethe came so sodenly
I had no tyme amendes to make
I am well worthy for that foly
To endles payne my waye to take
Than was my harte heuy as lede
To se my mother in that degre
But sythe she knewe no better rede
On her I had great ruthe to se
Than spoke I to her with heuy chere
In christes name here charge I the
within ten dayes ryght here thou apere
In this same place and mete with me
And I my selfe my deuoure shall be
If holy churche may put helpe in the
with the powre that god gaue therto
To Peter that pope was before me
The dyuel on it made spytefull noyse
whan they shulde take them to theyr waye
And sayd all with one voyce
This false Gregorye wyll vs betraye
The sely sowle with them they lad
It groned full greuously and cryed sore

With harde paynes it was bestad
My harte was heuy and wo therfore
My waye I toke to the churche a pace
A masse to synge for her sake
To saynt Sebastyan that holy place
My aulter commaunded I redy to make
To masse I wente with mylde chere
And put my trust in god alone.
And as he bought that soule so dere
That daye that he wolde here my mone
whan I sacred our lordes body
Chryste Jesu in fourme of brede
My blode wared colde I wyst not why
I sawe a syght I was adrede
A naked body in a tome of stone
Full of woundes bledynge sore
His face all pale his colour was gone
His skyn his flesshe was all to tore
A spere was put throughe his body
In euery hande a nayle was thrusted
There was no place I coude espye
But euery Joynte was distrussched
A wrethe of thorne vpon his hede
The pryckes throughe his brayne ran
He loked as he had bene dede
His eyen his lyppes were all wan
His handes were crossed hym before
Tose that syght myne harte was wo
Out of his harte he syghed sore
And sayd synfull man thou arte my fo
On the aulter he hym rest
My body for pyty on hym dyd quake

He sayd to me lo I chryst
To dye agayne for mannes sake
Beholde my body howe it is rente
For synfull sowles this suffred I
Mystruste me not I amthy frende
My flesshe my blode thou arte trewely
All this I suffered the to saue
Unkynde creature beholde and se
what myght I do more thy loue to haue
Than offer my selfe to dye for the
For rather than a sowle were shente
Newe on a crosse I wolde it bye
Thus to be beten torne and rent
So moche is my loue and my mercy
with that worde he vanysshed me fro
His wordes made my harde full lyght
On my knees I fell downe tho
And thanked good of that syght
Forthe I sange my masse to the ende
And prayed god full hartely
This sely sowle he shulde defende
And shew on it his hyghe mercy.

But whan it drewe to the nyhgt
That all creatures toke theyr rest
To saynt peters churche I me dyght
Before the hyghe aulter I me dreste
God I besought with harte fre
Some comforte that he myght to me sende
And swete saynt Peter myne helpe to be
That myght fro myscheue me defende
Thus it drewe ferther in the nyght

My nature fayne wolde haue reſt
Anone before me apered a ſyght
Upon the hye aulter there it reſt
There came a pope in his araye
Cardynalles/byſſhoppes/and prieſtes alſo
I dredde it ſore whan I it ſaye
And gaue them rome by me to go
This pope called me anone hym tyll
And ſayd come hether gregory vnto me
Thou ſhalte knowe our lordes wyll
Be not dyſmayde what thou ſe
I am Peter thy predeceſſoure
And here be my brethrne the apoſtelles all
we be come the for to ſocoure
with pore of god that neuer ſhall fall
Take this ſcrypture of my hande
Our lorde hym ſelfe ſent it to the
All ſowles to helpe out of bande
And it be done as it ſhulde be
And powre alſo to loſe and bynde
In heuen and erthe at thyne owne wyll
And other popes out of mynde
That euer ſhall after in erthe dwell
And for thou laboreſt thy mother to ſaue
That yet is in peuy cas
Our lorde wyll that ſhe haue
This trentall done for her treſpas
A trentall is of thre tymes ten
And ten tymes thre the ſame alſo
So many maſſes ſhe haue than
Her to releſe out of her wo
Of ten theſe feſtes in the yere

Thre masses of eche must nedes synge
with all seruyce folowynge after here
Delynge of almes and also fastynge
what feastes thes be se and take hede
And wysely in thy mynde them pyght
Loke on this boke here maye thou rede
Of whome they be and what is theyr myght
Thre masses of the Annūcyacyon
whan god and man conceyued was
Our kynde to take for our redemcyon
within a mayde he chace his place
Therfor forsoth the knot was knyt
Flesshe and blode together ran
The father of heuen this maryage shyt
Accordyd there was bothe god and man
The seconde feast is it of chrystes Natyuyte
whan he was borne vs all to glade
This full blessed nedes must be
For man goddes brother there was made
The thyrde feste is the Epyphanye
whan thre kynges with presentes sought
Throughe Herodes landes hym to espye
To offer gyftes that they had brought
This feste is full blessed and also holy
who so hereth a masse that daye
Of sodden dethe he shall not dye
Nor myshap in no iorney
The fourthe is of our dere ladye
To the temple whan she her dyght
with meke harte her to puryfye
After the lawe as it was ryght
The fyfte feast is of our saluacyon

A ſowle to helpe that is in nede
It muſt be of his Reſurrecyon
A maſſe it is of full great mede
In the worſhyp of his paſſyon
That ſuffred dethe for our ſake
who ſo syngeth it with deuocyon
A ſete for hym he dothe make
The ſyxte feſte muſte be truely
Of the glorious aſſencyon
whan he to heuen dyd flye
To knyt the knot of our redemcyon
His owne goſte downe he ſent
Bothe wyt and wyſdome vs to teche
To rule his lawe whan he was went
His chyrche to kepe and his goſpel to preche
The ſeuenth maſſe muſte be of the holy goost
That is chefe comforte of our conſolacyon
This maſſe helpeth a ſowle moofte
Out of payne to ſaluacyon
The two other feſte of our lady be
Chefe meane bytwene god and man
The aſſumpcyon and her Natyuyte
Theſe be the then feſtes that ye muſt han
Theſe make thyrty the hole trentall
Thre maſſes of eche feſte thou muſt take
A ſowle from payne delyuer thou ſhall
If it be longe for the ſowles ſake
In ornyſon there it that longeth therto
At euery maſſe it muſte be ſayd nede
with good deuocyon loke it be do
It is the chefe thynge the ſowle to fede

go. a.iii.b.

God that art our redemcyon
Salue also of mannes sowle here
As thou chase also the lande of promyssyon
Before all other to be borne there
And suffered dethe in that holy lande
To paye our raunsome amendes to make
Delyuer the sowle from the dyuels hande
And to thy mercy lorde thou it take
And as thou wolde therin dye
And halowed it with thy precyous blode
Delyuer it lorde frome penury
That blessed land that is so good
By the hyghe vertue of thy grace
The people that leueth nat in the
Tourne theyr hartes and gyue them space
That they may sone amendyd be
And all that leue in the
Thou socour them for thy lordly mercy
And of vs haue mracy and pyte
In the houre whan we shall dye
The whiche reygneth with the father dere
with the holy goste that grace dothe sende
By all the worldes that euer were
Or euer shall without ende
Now how thou shalt synge this trental then
Take now thou good hede for euermore
whan a feste cometh of these theu
Faste ye muste the euen before
Brede and water holde the therto
None other mete loke thou take
Placebo and Dirige loke thou say also
Shryue the clene and redy make

The nexte mozowe thy masse to synge
weth all seruyce of the day
Seuen psalmes with the letany say lastinge
And commendacyon yt thou maye
Forgette not the ozison goynge befoze
In euery masse of this trentall
It is chefe salue of the soze
Loke euery daye thou saye it all
within seuē dayes two masses nedes moze
Of the same feste must be
And all other seruyce say it be foze
As thou dydest in euery degre
A peny in almes thou must dele
To some poze man that it nedes
That it maye stande to thy sowle hele
For it is chefe of all good dedes
This rule thou kepe at euery masse
If thou wylte bzynge a sowle from blame
Do this wysely moze and lasse
And teche all other to do the same
Fare well Gregozy I parte the fro
Be stedfast in mynde nyght and daye
Temtacyon of the fendes thou shalt se so
To let the of thy purpose yt they maye
whan he was gone and this lyght past
My harte was colde my body afryght
There was no comfozte but in god to trast
I toke me to his marcy all that longe nyght

Than it befell vpon the nexte day
Ryght in the moznynge tyde
To scala celi I toke the waye

And prayed to god to be my gyde
The dyuell at me had great spyte
He thought my purpose for to let
with false colluſyons hym to quyte
The good dede I was on set
For whan I ſhulde my maſſe begynne
A maruelous thynge appered than
Deuyls of helle came rynnynge in
In lykenes of myne owne men
And ſayd alas that they were borne
what doeſt thou nowe here this tyde
Thy hoſſholde/thy treaſoure/all is gone
Thy men be ſpylte on euery ſyde
Thy place is on fyre thy people ſpyllen
Come ſaue this myſchefe or all is ſhente
Leue this purpoſe tourne home agayne
Or all thy lyue dayes thou ſhalte repent
I was a frayd nere out of my mynde
They ſemed my ſeruauntes and my men
In very lykenes of mannes kynde
They appered before myne eyen
To rome I retourned with carefull chere
And prayed ſaynt Peter myne helpe to be
I loked aboute yf peryll were
All thyuge I founde in proſperyte
Than thanked I god with all my myght
And thought it was the deuyls dede
To the churche I tourned agayne full ryght
This holy trentall there to ſpede
The tyde of daye it was nere paſt
Theſe falſe fendes dyd me betraye
My purpoſe to ſpyll was all there caſt

That for the sowle I shulde not praye
I crossyd my brest and to the auter yede
And sayd my masse as I shulde do
with goostly fode the sowle to fede
with all thynges that longeth therto
Thus I proceedyd by and by
whyles ten dayes were at an ende
I was glad the tyme drewe nye
I trustyd her state for to amend
The next daye in the mornynge
In the twylyght or it were day
A lytell before the sonne rysynge
I went alone my Matans to say
within a whyle my blode wexed colde
A spryte came rennynge me beside
Lyke a chylde of tho yere olde
I spake to it and bad it a byde
In the vertu of Crystes holy name
what creature I saye thou be
Stande here styll and make no grame
Tyll I haue tolde my wyll to the
Anone it tourned and sayd to me
I am the sowle that thou labourest fore
Grace shall I haue thorough labour of the
Blessed be the houre that thou were borne
God hath take me to his mercy
By the vertue of this trentall I shall haue
The blysse of heuen perpetually
Fro damnacyon now am I saue
Now do thy deuocyon for crystes sake
I may no lenger abyde here
Gyue me leue my waye to take

My kepers come they nyghe me nere
Beware she sayd they wyll the noye
Auoyde the place and let them passe
Thus sone it vanyshed fro my Joye
I se no moze where it was
I rose and was ryght sore agaste
I wyst not well where to abyde
The wether anone was ouer caste
Deuylles cryed anone on euery syde
with a loude voyce they cryed all
Out alas we lese our praye
This false Gregozy quyte she shall
within shozte tyme yf that we maye
I was a ferde my body dyd quake
It thundzed and lyghtened spytuosly
Foz fere I durste no waye take
I trowed my selfe that tyme to dye
My sowle I put in goddes wyll
I crossed my body on euery syde
whyle all were done I stode there styll
And let it passe and ouer slyde
Sone after anone the wether ceased
The sone appered and shone full bzyght
Than my comfozte fast encreased
Home I went with all my myght
And thanked god and our lady
And saynt Peter that was so good
That me pzeserued so specyally
From the perell that I in stode

THis passyd fozthe many a daye
what befell than shall ye here

The fende thought he wolde assay
To lese all I dyd this yere
In the feast of wytsontyde
The thre masses of the trentall
The false fende had aspyed
They profyte the sowle moste of all
with false sleyghtes and subtylte
Me to let was all his caste
In the chapell wherin was he
The false fende he ran faste
Euen as I was boune to masse
In lykenes of a naked man
Full of woundes bledynge sore was
He cryed on hym and sayd alas than
Helpe me nowe for I am lorne
There is no remedy in this case
I was afetde whan I hym se
Great people came in euery place
And sayd false traytour thy dethe is dyght
This is no place the for to hyde
with dagers drawen and swerdes bryght
To sle hym they were about in that tyde
Myne harte agryled whan I sawe it thus
For mannes slaughter I was in fere
To them I whent a great pase
And sayd syrs what do ye here
I charge you auoyde out of this place
And make no debate here
They swore by hym that all hathe wrought
Out of this place we wyll not stere
Tyll he be dede that we haue sought
He shall neuer haue other ende in faye

I ſawe remedy in that caſe nought
I was afrede and dzede alwaye
Leſtthey wolde ſuſpende the place
Me to let as foz that daye
Anone it fell in my mynde thus
It was the fendes collucyon aye
Some ſleyght or ſubtylyte foz to fynde
Tyll tyme of the daye were all done
The holy trentall to let blynde
The ſoule to haue in theyz daunger ſone
Befozethe aulter I ſet me
And ſayd to them in this maneze
In the vertue of hym that dyed on tre
ye falſe deuyls I ſaye to you here
Out of this place faſt fle
That neuer after ye me afraye
The deuyll thought aſpyed was he
They vaniſhed with ſozow and careya way
They made a noyſe and loude they cryed
The chaple ſtepell with them they bare
I ſange maſſe to the ende vnhyed
In peas and concyence of reſt thare
The ſoule to god I dyd commende
Entirely beſechynge hym of grace
And this ſowle fro payne to defende
In blyſſe of heuen grauntynge a place

AND this yere was come to ende
That the trentall was nyghe done
I pzayed to god ſome token me to ſende
And foz his mercy to here my bone
Some comfozte of the ſowle to here

Howe it stode and in what degre
And yf the tyme were ought nere
That she from payne delyuered shulde be
The nyght before that I shulde synge
The last masse of the trentall
A voyce I harde and sawe nothynge
To me it spake with voyce small
Awake it sayd and to me attende
Of thy mother thou louest so dere
Nowe is the trentall at an ende
Merualous thynges thou shalte here
I am he sayd the good aungell
Thynke vpon what I say the
Tydynges trewe I the tell
The tyme is come quyte shall she be
Anone as thou haste thy deuoure done
And longe the masse of the Natyuyte
Of her thou shalte here full sone
She shall come this waye by the
Anone sodenly vpon a brayde
If thou her aungell be
why woldes thou suffer her thus arayde
And let her in this maner dye
Thou was not fryndely in thy keppynge
That to the was take so specyally
Thou letteste her peryshe in her endynge
Thou dydest not thy deuore truely
For without the she dyd ryght nought
Thou were a feble frynde at nede
To lese the ymage that god had wrought
Howe canste thou excuse the in this ded
yes he sayd wylt thou se howe

In her creacyon fyrst of all
Innocency I kepte her she myght not bowe
Neyther in no wyse to hym fall
But whan dyscrecyon dyd her shewe
Our lorde sent wyt her to teche
All badnes herto eschewe
And gaue her frewell to be her leche
To chose eyther good or bad
Bothe were put to her electyon
wysdome ynoughe also she had
To kepe her sowle frome dampnacyon
yet I sayd all this maye be
That fre electyon was in her wyll
Howe canst thou excuse thy parte let se
But thou was cause that she dyd yll
If thou haddest thy parte do
And closed aboute her harte with drede
And thyne helpe therto
Sheshulde neuer haue done this dede
Grace he sayd was cheke of all
That she lacked without doute
But conscyence tolde her she dyd fall
It was nought she yede aboute
He is moste cheke of our accuse
Apechynge her bothe day and nyght
And sayd this gode dyd she refuse
And wolde not repent whyle she myght
In good dedes dyd I her wrappe
And made her do almes dedes and fast
And kepe her alway fro myshap
In hope that she wolde tourne at the last
The deuyll at the last had her betrapped

And brought her to myn chefe
And led her euery fote that she stepped
In trust of grace she wolde amende
Thus was I busy her to saue
And kepte her euer from all wo
She myght no more of me crane
I dyd my deuoure ynoughe therto
I asked hym than where he had be
Syth she dyed and made her ende
with her contynually than sayd he
Fro great paynes her to defende
And nowe it is almoste past ouer
I must agayne to her gyde
The tyme me drawith wonder nere
Farwell I may no lenger abyde
Than was I glad as fowle of day
In all the hast that I myght fynde
To ende this trentall without delay
That no faute were of my parte behynde
That daye than there was I styll
within the churche in my prayer
And there abode our lordes wyll
In hope of that I myght here
Thus it drewe almost to eue
I thought my selfe it was beste
with some fode my body to releue
And sone after to take my reste
whan I had supped I rose full ryght
Into a garden me to rome
Tyll it were fayre in twylyght
And tyme almoste to take myne home
As I loked into the este

A great sonne betwe ther I sawe
Longe whyle there dyd it last
And sodenly awaye it dyd withdrawe
There with myne harte began to glad
I hoped some tydynges to here that nyght
I kneled downe and prayer made
And thanked god of that syght
within a whyle there came a lyght
As far as I myght well se
Therwith the fyrmament wexte all bryght
I marueled greatly what it myght be
So it encreased more and more
And drewe towarde good spede
I sawe it come and dyde it lose
I wayted a place and thether yede
There to abyde what so euer befell
To se some ende of that syght
Aspirite it was that wyste I well
It hasted to me with all the myght
It was an aungell that came in hast
And sayd Gregory thou shalte se
Thyne owne mother be not agast
Howe she standeth and in what degre
Therwith meued was my mode
I loked about on euery syde
Anone the lyght before me stode
The brightnes therof I myght not abyde
The sowle in the myddes therof was pyght
The good aungell stode hyr beside
Wyl spirites were rauesshed with that syght
I taryed to se what wolde betyde
She spake to me full mylde

And sayd sone blessed thou be
That euer I bare the in my body
Thou haste brought me to this degre
without ende to be in ioye abydynge
And well is hym that euer was bore
That maye for hym this trentall do synge
For it profyteth a sowle more
Than any other erthely thynge
Therfore for chrystes sake fonde
Let prestes synge soules sauynge
And he that wyll vnderstonde
Moche good shall them behauynge
For many is the sowle that there is lore
For faute of socore and releuynge
Full sore they shall abye therfore
That haue theyr goodes in theyr kepynge
And curse the howre and allso the day
The mother them bare the father them gate
with deuyls of hell shall be there playe
That suffereth a sowle to lye in that state
For he is false and eke vnkynde
That leueth asowle in damnacyon
And with his owne good may it vnbynde
And brynge it to saluacyon
For chrystes sake precho it aboute
And tell the people of this peryll
For they that be in faute without doute
There is no remedy they shall to hell
without ende there dwell shall they
In fyer and brymstone for theyr dede
Full dere they shall that good abye
And haue that rewarde for theyr mede

Farewell nowe and haue my blessynge
Take this in mynde and be of good chere
Tyme is come of our departynge
I maye no lenger abyde here
The cloudes opened on euery syde
Aungelles fro heuen downe there sent
with myrthe and melody she vp styed
All aboute the stremes in the fyrmament
To the blysse of heuen without ende is
where myrthe and toye without ende
Suche messangers our lorde her sende
Her sorowe and care for to lys.
whan I had this syght sene
It was well drawen in to the nyght
I was ryght glad and also fayne
That god had shewed me that syght
To bed I wente and toke my reste
As goddes wyll was I shulde do
And there bethought me what was the best
All other sowles to bringe fro wo
I called all the clarkes of that citye
And ordeyned this trentall to be in mynde
And all prestes in eche degre
And gaue them power to lose and bynde
To helpe all sowles that had nede
That lay in paynes that were full sore
The blesse of heuen to haue theyr mede
Chryste graūt them all that same blysse thore
That helpeth any sowle heuen to wynne
Of all good praers that they not mysse
whan body and sowle shall parte atwayne
This trentall wryten in thre langages

In laten/frenche and englysse eke
In scala celi who wyll it se
In the southe syde he maye it seke
God brynge vs to the blysse thadener sholdye

A M E N

¶ Enprynted at Londō By Johñ Mychell

This is not merely a good specimen of early Poetry & Orthography & the state of the Arts of Printing & Engraving, but is much more curious, as a demonstration of the extreme Profligacy as well as the audacious & barefaced Fraud & Impositions of the Priesthood. The Author could not have been other than a Priest. The sin, that here drew down the vengeance of Heaven, was a familiar one. His Invention was by no means racked in framing the Story. It grew out of the ordinary conventual practise: & the Pardon obtained is had by a Receipt, which they not only tell us (Lr̃e C. III, b.) is the only true one, but without reserve add, that we shall curse the hour of our existence, if on these occasions we retain our goods in our possession, & fail to pour them into the laps of the Clergy; who no doubt would for these & other pious purposes be careful enough to swell the list of our wives sins.

And surely it must be a source of much consolation to the Pious to learn from how pure a source this Saint Gregory sprung!

We have the same thievery in Book B. Lr̃e D. I. D. I, b. & XI. D, B.